From the Auth

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PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

A

POEM.

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POEM.

By P. COURTIER.

The fall of Kings,
The rage of nations and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escaped,
In still retreats, and flowery Solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

THOMSON.

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1800.

#73-139

TO

SIR BROOK BOOTHBY, BART.

The following Poem

Is most respectfully inscribed,

By his most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE subject of the ensuing pages will be found to have entered early into the contemplation of the Author; it occupied a portion of that little volume which, nearly six years ago, he submitted to the judgment of the public; and it has since formed the frequent topic of his meditation, and the solace of many anxious hours. By the advice of those whose opinions he could not but respect, and with whom he certainly felt a disposition to coincide, he has

at length been induced to attempt what is generally denominated a regular poem, on his favourite subject: the Pleasures of Solitude appeared well calculated to supply a descriptive and didactic essay of this kind; but it is not for the present Author to affirm how far he has succeeded in the execution of that essay. He does not, however, wish to conceal that he has enlisted himself a candidate for the acquisition of honourable fame: he has never been accustomed to consider the applause of the wise and virtuous as an imaginary good; nor is it possible to be indifferent to the only treasure which seems in this age attainable by the efforts of poetical genius.

There is an allusion at page 17, which it was thought adviseable to notice in this place, ra-

ther than destroy the uniformity of the typography; as it was discovered to be the only circumstance requiring the illustration of a Note, in the course of the following poem. The stanza beginning "But this he prized not, &c." adverts to Charles the Hardy, duke of Burgundy, a prince whose griefs, neither imparted or alleviated, had such an effect upon a mind naturally strong, as to terminate in the total derangement of his reason.

The Author has now to perform the pleasing duty of acknowledging some friendly obligations. For the Stanzas in Book II. beginning

See, through the mazes of the midnight ball,

and ending

And o'er her dimpled cheek suffuse health's softest blooms;

and also for many valuable corrections of which he has availed himself in the Pleasures of Solitude, he is indebted to Mr. R. A. DAVENPORT, a Gentleman in whom the virtues of the friend are as conspicuous as the abilities of the poet.

LONDON,
June 16, 1800.

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PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—General Design of the Poem—Some Effects of Solitude—Nature, Fancy, Solitude—Lord Bacon's Observation on the Subject of the Poem—Whom Solitude delights—Expostulations with those inimical to Solitude—Distinction between Solitude as it applies to the virtuous, and as it is apprehended by the dissipated—Conclusion of Book the First.

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

BOOK I.

SOME best mad dissonance shall entertain,
In these is tumult or ambition rife;
Others such passions view with sweet disdain,
They love the insipidities of life;
Again, there are whom both its ceaseless strife
And idle vacancies alike disgust;
And some who hourly dread assassin's knife,
For ever struggling in the toil unjust,
These hate the eye of man, and mourn beneath the dust.

No exile I, from social converse driven,
Who sing of Nature, Fancy, Solitude;
No surly misanthrope, to whom is given
To shroud where sympathies dare not intrude.
Though I, alas! have borne the buffet rude,
Have dregged the chalice brimming with deceit,
And known of fortune in her darkest mood;
I from the world but ask some kind retreat,
Where storms remotely frown and billows vainly beat.

I sing to soothe, and not to steel the mind;
To ease and soften, not to aggravate;
From the worn brow to chace the look unkind;
To break the spell of long-inwoven hate;
And him to lower, whom vanities inflate:
Nature's stray'd sons I to her paths invite.
O man, how often thine to mould thy fate!
For lo—within, the heaven-enkindled light
By whose blest beam to frame thy pilgrimage aright.

'Tis sweet, escaping from the throng's turmoil,
To breathe the cooling freshness of the grove!
And sweet, reclining on the green-robed soil,
Through the fair regions of delight to rove,
Exult in friendship or repose in love!
For all we fondly cherish, dearly prize,
All that the fancy or the heart can move,
Full oft the busy scene of life denies—
Too cold such joys to know, while falsely thought too wise.

Nature, all hail! to thee, the soul opprest
With various grief, shall still endearing turn;
For thou canst lay the throbbings of the breast,
Though care annoy, and feverish passion burn,
Which other solace would untasted spurn,
Would from its presence instantaneous frown
Each syren gay, and every hope inurn.
Here, in thy limpid streams, my woes I drown;
'Twas "God the country made, but man the dizzy town."

Nor, Nature, thine alone from aching heart
The pangs of agonizing thought to chace:
Thy scenes perennial happiness impart
To blisful minds who stretch beyond the space
Of earth, untrammelled or by time or place,
Seeking immortal food; who walk the ſky,
And, casting far the follies of our race,
Upraise to heaven the long-expectant eye,
And dare eternal suns and feast on wishes high.

And thou, mild Solitude—the nurse of thought,
Nature's fair sister, man's unfailing friend!
Whate'er thy touch hath made, thy wisdom taught,
O, with each line in just gradation blend;
To me thy stores of fancy, truth extend,
That, gently won to meditation's bower,
And haply seen his nature and his end,
Some mortal, scap'd from riot's galling power,
May dedicate to thee his first important hour.

His was a dogma specious, but confined,
Who of retirement this drear semblance drew
The man secluded, either, far refined,
Claims kin with angel, or, to that vile crew,
Ycleped satanic, must belong; a view
Unworthy this of one whom vulgar lore
Vainly resisted —— Bacon, who, still true
To science, dared the path untrod before,
And sought with untired steps its limits to explore.

Sure, 'twas not Solitude the sage pourtrayed,
But gloomy banishment to wilds forlorn;
Not the calm breezes of the rural shade:
But sullen thought, in love and madness born;
The sad resolves of him from whom are torn
Life's opening dreams, who hates even human kind;
For whom no carrols wake the merry morn;
Nor suits there aught the aspect of whose mind,
Save the dark-gathering ſkies, and rough and howling wind.

And, at such time, ô see! by frenzy sped,
The melancholy man yon summit gain,
To the bleak tempest bare his burning head,
Then, like the tempest, scowl upon the plain.
Ah! not to him those kindly pains pertain,
Which heal and harmonize, and renovate;
Known only these to that high-favoured train,
Who, while by nature touch'd their souls dilate,
Can speed the hour with bliss and smile at frowning fate

To these, then, would the Muse essay to paint
All the fine energies those scenes inspire,
Which, to the minds that else would quickly faint
And in disgust from kindred-man retire,
Impart renewing and sustaining fire;
Spirits who, all-impatient of the round
Of earth-bred wretchedness and hopes, require
Fancies beyond this vague and dismal mound,
Who dwell with seraph shapes and tread ethereal ground.

Say, restless worldlings! still to pleasure prone,
Or trade enveloped, who in this unite—
That man is only sad, when most alone;
Only then happy, when each fleet delight
Of bustling city, lounge, or festive night
Gaily administers to sickening sense;
Can no diviner thoughts the soul excite?
Why, blindly, do ye strive to banish thence
Those true desires that joys ineffable dispense?

Say, when 'tis done, feel ye no painful void?
How sleeps reflection on her midnight bed?
Or, not to fright ye, how have been enjoyed
The years of pastime now for ever fled—
Light was the breast, nor turbulent the head?
Rather, have ye not found unoccupied
With peaceful thought, the mind; uncomforted
The heart; as onward heedlessly ye hied
O'er the long irksome course, not one true want supplied?

Ye sought for happiness, were right, but sued
The cold, the busy, and the fluttering throng;
Hearts dull as lead, or folly's vacant brood;
For what to peace, retirement, truth belong,
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
The heart that loves its object to select,
To *individualize*; with choice, how wrong,
Ye gave to multitudes! Why pure respect,
And unobtrusive charms so fatally neglect?

Tis ye that woo, most hateful to the muse,
Start not, the solitude ye so decry;
Where nought the fancy, nought the soul may chuse,
Though pleasures throng unceasing on the eye,
Pleasures that all but pleasure can supply.
Tis ye that spend the solitary day,
With thousands near!—Come, and my verse shall try,
Leading you far from such disastrous way,
To animate your tastes for sweets without decay.

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

ARGUMENT.

Solitude promotes Gratitude and Friendship—The concentration and fixedness of the Affections, arising in Solitude, necessary to their strength—Utility of partial feelings—Strictures on Philosophical Universalists—Nature invariable: the Happiness resulting from this Order—Solitude soothes the mind, often supplies the want of social resources; it aids the moral feelings, and calms the Passions—Different effects of similar objects, as varied by circumstance: exemplifications of this truth—Conclusion of Book II. *that we are indebted to Solitude even for the gratifications which we experience from public Pleasures.*

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

BOOK II.

IT is in fickle beings to forget
The worth of comforts easily possest,
To learn, too often, but in long regret
The happier lot with which they erst were blest:
Now Solitude corrects the wayward breast,
Bringing, in meditation's clear review,
Each valued treasure to its genuine test;
Here friends again their choicest hours renew,
Retrace their early flame, and vow to love more true.

Man owns no sentiment but what acquires
By *concentration* its impassioned glow:
'Tis thus the enthusiast wakes celestial fires;
And thus, even bosoms as cold as alpine snow,
Melted to softness, with new transport flow.
Vain is the philosophic wish austere,
A wish that not one blessing could bestow,
That man should cease to shed the *partial* tear;
Should o'er the patriot's weep, but not the parent's bier.

Sophists, be still! the world's infectious guile
Shall soon produce the ethics that ye preach;
Shall soon transform the unaffected smile
To wily ruin, turn the unstudied speech
To phraze equivocal, him learn to o'er-reach
Who once had shuddered at the same deceit:
Forbear then, cynics! since the world shall teach,
By rules more cogent and examples meet,
The high insensate air that ye so wisely greet.

Forbear, ye freezing advocates of man,
Who prate of energies ye never felt,
Who laud, with all your might, the *Social Plan!*
Yet never in one social moment melt;
Grave souls, who never yet with feeling dwelt.
Ye mark, as parish-officers the land,
In characters as dim and subtly spelt,
Where this should yield, or that unshaken stand;
And when to raise the sigh, and when to countermand.

Better to banquet on the wildest notes
That ever warbled from Aonian mount,
To quaff seducing stream, that richly floats
In murmuring mazes from Castalian fount;
Than shackle down the eager mind to count
Each dull division of the cynic code.
If thou art wise, when journeying, ne'er dismount
To reconnoitre the infern abode
Of sheer philosophist; keep thou the beaten road.

But great emotions vainly we oppose:
Art cannot stifle, nor art countervail
Humanity's first springs—seeing that those,
However warp'd or fettered, never fail,
Regaining the ascendant, to prevail
And mark the man. Nobly was this designed,
To poise the balance! Thee, again, we hail,
Nature, bright transcript of the Eternal Mind,
Whose hand thy varied powers to one vast end combined.

Thus He, who nothing gives to man in vain,
Wisely vouchsafed the self-abstractive scene,
That, if desirous, man might there regain,
While no mean cares their influence intervene,
His primitive converse and exalted mien;
And there, reflecting on the days forepast,
Some dank and chill, and some of living green,
Bind all the charities of earth more fast,
And brave this boisterous sea undaunted to the last.

The " heart wants something to be kind to," wants
What the tumultuous hour does not afford;
Uninterested here, it ever pants
For some loved nook, where, all its wishes stored,
It may retreat, to view the darling hoard,
Like miser bending o'er his hidden mine.
How blest, when vain all other good explored,
Ere the mind madden and the affections pine,
In Solitude to feed on food almost divine!

But this he prized not, who, though keenly pained,
Would still his load of undivided care,
Whether the stoic or the world restrained,
Concenter deep within; nor deign to share
His woes with sympathy, nor yet repair
To scenes most soothing to the lonely heart.
And, lo! in sullen gait and blank despair,
He, too suspicious of each treacherous art,
Hastes from the realms of light in darkness to depart.

'Tis well to love, though disappointment frown;
Good to confide, though truth and friendship fail;
Fancy is sweet, should nought her wishes crown;
And sweet the hope that gilds this dreary vale.
Ah, then, imbibe not soon the freezing tale
Of greybeards dead to all that life endears!
Yet a few struggles, ere such lore prevail;
O'er loves forsworn, drop still some bitter tears;
Be stoicism cold at least the growth of years!

Wisdom shall plead, though soft persuasion's voice
Apply unheeded to the stony crowd.
Existence holds thee: thy determined choice
Is fixt on what the grovelling and the proud
Alike pursue, unmindful of the shroud,
The *world's felicity*.——Even *this* to feel,
Hope, Fancy too, we need; truth cries aloud—
Be not in haste those horrors to reveal,
Which their illusive beams benignantly conceal.

Art thou, unconscious, learning to contract
Convenient feelings, the meek-simpering face,
And universal kindness—that shall act
On all, but no one of thy suffering race—
That monument of folly and disgrace
To scientific times? mortal, if so
Thy wretched ways incline to some lone place
Where no foul sophistry the breast can know,
But nature warms the pulse—there haste, and catch the glow:

And thou shalt feel, in such secluded spot,
All the best sympathies of man revive;
Sooth'd by the gurgling stream and shaded grot,
The soul, at once, to nature, truth alive.
Haste, that thy breast, so long the restless hive
Of stinging passions, haply may expel
Its herd of torments, and them quickly drive
Adown the ruinous steep; thyself to dwell
With heavenly visitants, unhurt by former spell.

How different strike, by scene diversified,
Objects not undissimilar in kind.
Those bells, of city honours long the pride,
If haply heard where nature swells the mind,
Their loud tones mingled with the softening wind,
Of transport pure had wak'd the ready tear;
The soul to contemplation bleft resigned;
And not, as now, in riot mirth severe
Galled with incessant peal the stunned and cracking ear.

Compared with concert, oratorio proud,
Aye all that banded-chorus can perform,
Where—slowly critical, now piercing loud—
Alternate reign the sighing and the storm;
The breast with happiest energy to warm,
Let but the lute's wild melody awake
On summer's evening bank, as round me swarm
The elves that issue from each scented brake,
Each copse, and purpled grove, their revelries to take.

See through the mazes of the midnight ball
With rapid feet yon splendid triflers fly;
From every tongue what flattering periods fall!
How smiles each face! how sparkles every eye!
So loud their mirth, thou deem'st no sorrow nigh.
But learn, thou erring judge, there envy lours,
There jealousy extorts the bitterest sigh,
There, all her poison'd chalice scandal pours,
And lassitude soon clogs the bliss-devoted hours.

But ô how sweet, how passing sweet, to rove
Where sits unseen the minstrel of the night,
And trills such music o'er the listening grove
As sure might harmonize the rudest sprite!
Then, while the moon from her meridian height,
And all the countless ſtars that round her burn,
Shed o'er the tranquil scene their tender light,
The soul, sublimed, each earthly care may spurn
And toward its native heaven with holy longing turn!

Then, nought of discord harsh thine ear shall wound,
Like theirs who tread the city's crouded ways!
The distant water's faintly murmuring sound,
The whispering wind that through the foliage strays,
The tinkling bell of sheep that ſtartled gaze,
The clock's deep chime from half-hid village spire,
The watchful dog at fancied thief who bays,
Though simple all their tones, such thoughts inspire,
That from thy bosom far shall passion's brood retire.

Even beauty triumphs in diviner charms,
And bids the heart with tenderer feelings glow,
When seen where nought, or sickens, or alarms;
Than mid the haunts of riot, glare, and show.
Where laugh the ſkies above, and plains below,
Her airy form more winning grace assumes,
With more luxuriant ease her tresses flow,
Her speaking eyes more dazzling light illumes,
And o'er her dimpled cheek suffuse health's softest blooms!

'Twas June's first morn—what time the dewy rose
Exhales its fragrance to the solar ray,
And all the flowerets of the dale unclose
Their subject blossoms, while from verdant spray
The feathered warbler tunes his matin lay;
That, wandering pensive mid each opening sweet,
I paused beside a style that crossed my way,
When, the fair being that mine eyes did meet!—
One half so fair, again, these eyes shall never greet.

Light to the zephyr played her ringlets fair,
And now her heaving bosom they enfold;
There dwelt a noble sadness in her air;
Her form was cast in nature's finest mould:
Her eyes, though sweet, as inspiration bold
To heaven she raised; her white hand clasped her breast;
And the long-struggling sigh that moment told
Things yet by mortal language unexprest,
The wishes of the good—the transports of the blest.

With her may Public Beauty e'er compeer ?
No—never ball nor theatre shall boast,
Through all the eddyings of the vain career,
One of their brilliant and accomplished host,
Though fashion-tutored and now fashion's toast,
Thus on the sentiment and taste to gain.
Fashion's frail children, by themſelves engrost,
Those unaffected wiles which best enchain
Affection and esteem, magnanimous disdain.

We stand indebted to the lonely hour
Even for the sweets that public charms inspire.
Not in the present have those charms their power,
Not in enjoyment most their splendours fire ;
But when, in musing moment, we retire
To make the scene of happiness our own :
'Tis then we hang indeed on rapture's lyre,
Or breathe to pity's plaint congenial moan ;
Then, that the worth of each, at laſt is really known.

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

ARGUMENT.

Nature of Book III.—*Retrospective thoughts—Youth the happier State—Solitude as it affects Childhood; as it tends to assuage the Troubles of maturer Life—Affliction—Fame—Solitude by no means local—Improvement—Solitude highly conducive to Piety—Conclusion of the Poem.*

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

BOOK III.

GENIAL to Memory, and the local Flame,
Whate'er to earth imparts a zest or charm,
Is Solitude.—Who shall those virtues name
Which envy, malice, rage, and scorn disarm,
Laying the evils that a world alarm?
For those, ô Solitude! are thine: and thine
The yielding breast with Fortitude to arm,
Its ills to soften with a voice benign,
And firm the doubtful mind on eminence divine.

Sequestered thus, how teeming thought expands,
Recursive o'er the years so long gone by;
Now, on the region of enchantment stands,
Pointing the colours of that happy ſky
Which gaily glittered to the auspicious eye
In the first dawning of this chequered day.
O! let those colours raise, once more, the sigh
Extatic; here, shed yet one cheering ray
Bright as the orient blush of young ambrosial May.

Doubt not the high felicities of youth;
Nor look to manhood as the happier age.
See—on that dimpled face the smile of truth;
That heart, whose griefs the meerest toys assuage;
That mind, which constant novelties engage;
That unchilled hope, which rears its Babel-tower
Reckless of time, or storm's disastrous rage;
That hand, which plucks the bloom of every flower:
Untaught how seasons change, and disappointments lower.

And such was he whom after days behold
Care-worn, and careless of the world's esteem:
His heart to love and hope and pleasure cold,
And taste long sated, vain and idle deem
Each boasted good, now fled; as kindly dream,
With uncouth horrors intermingling, flies.
Inverted all to aged vision seem
The fairest prospects of these vernal ſkies
Which once his hopes inflamed, and once rejoiced his eyes!

Sweet shades! where first my vagrant footsteps strayed,
And the light heart to eager joyance beat,
To you I come, with much of bliss decayed,
The world's deep thorns imprinted on my feet,
And tread, but not as once, your blest retreat:
For dark regret now glooms each dear recess;
At every turn, too surely doomed to meet.
In scenes that erst my every hour could bless,
The ghosts of days long past—memorials of distress.

And yet, sweet shades! ye yield a generous balm;
On the worn heart some healing drops distill!
The anarch-thought to settled sadness calm,
And link with reason the disjointed will.
Even now, the breeze fresh wafted from the hill
Revives the pulse of half-extinguished life;
I live the untainted hours of childhood still,
Join with new ardour the robustful strife,
And youth's delightful train and fairyland are rife.

Soft stealing from the playful groupe, behold
Him whom the paths of Solitude allure.
He loves to view the tints of blazing gold
Caught from descending sun by rivulet pure,
And now, from weak impertinence secure
Mid the thick foliage of embowering grove,
To mount to worlds whose lustre shall endure;
Then, sickening, melt to scenes of mortal love,
And o'er untasted bliss in sweet amazement rove

Cherish the vision—thou art nature's child!
Let thy young thought in blest delirium flow,
Be all thy hopes unconquerably wild,
Nor thy warm feelings hesitation know;
Experience sad shall damp that fervid glow:
And happy thou, when ploughed by furrowing care,
If in the soil so rich there do not grow,
The seed concealed of direst poison there,
Weeds full and rank as hell, and many a choking tare.

But, see! the morn is up—the stripling hies,
Roused by the cock's reverberating sound
And lured by gentle blush of eastern ſkies,
To make the solitary-pleasing round;
He leaps, with extacy, the distant mound,
Heedless of bramble's interposing smart;
And soon the boy by curling brook is found,
Encharmed his ear, his fancy, and his heart;
Right loth is he with scenes so passing sweet to part.

Meantime, the little Julia cheerly shares
In the full splendor of the morning's pride;
While to the fields her brother swift repairs,
The garden-blooms her happy hours divide,
As through their ranks her steps serenely glide:
On many a shrub, but chief the favorite rose,
Uncertain long the preference to decide,
Her smiling kiss the innocent bestows,
While on her vivid cheek the flower's own brilliance glows.

If, thus, to infancy the silent shade
No trivial sources of delight present;
To the lorn man before whose prospect fade
All the fair blossoms heaven's own dews besprent,
What solace kind, ineffable content,
Must here upon his wearied frame descend,
Here, with all nature seeming to relent?
Hither, poor traveller, thy footsteps bend;
And husht at last to peace, thy toilsome journey end!

The earth is full of wretchedness and guilt;
But, here, shall neither wreck thy comfort more:
Through the wide earth her childrens' blood is spilt;
She seems to fatten on her childrens' gore;
Thou shalt not weep, as thou hast wept before,
The myriads slain:—for never shalt thou, here,
Learn the sad story, that thy bosom tore:
Wipe then, old pilgrim! wipe the falling tear;
Now with the seasons dwell, and grace the tranquil year.

Blow soft, ye breezes! through the azure wide;
Ye dews! sit lightly on the tender blade;
Disclose, ô sun! the summer's fragrant pride,
Be hills and dales in kindliest bloom arrayed;
That he who now to flowery wilds has strayed,
May from their stores derive refreshing weal.
Sickness on him her withering hand hath laid:
Sweet hills! sweet dales! and wilds! in mercy heal
Him wont, full many a year, severest pains to feel!

Long might it seem the sorrowing train to tell,
Who, onward guided by the evening star,
With nature seek, and solitude to dwell;
What time the moon ascends her silver car,
Diffusing holy mildness from afar.—
The victim pale of undeserved scorn;
Him, sick, retiring from the busy jar;
And her by poverty's rude blast uptorn;
Here shelter for relief the souls to suffering born.

Nor will they shun where hangs a deeper gloom,
Whose days no good impart, nor nights repose;
But oft they linger round the unopened tomb,
And vainly wish that, opening, it might close,
At once, their weary pilgrimage of woes!
When nor for freedom sighs the dungeon slave;
Nor mariner for port when tempest blows;
And life is more than honour to the brave;
Then, grief may cease to wish the slumber of the grave.

Alas! who life surveys with serious eye,
Shall little find to rivet his esteem:
But misery in various forms descry—
Passion's wild gust, and hope's delirious dream,
Disease and want, and horror's funeral scream!
His choicest pleasures tinged with melancholy;
And, each gay bubble bursting on the stream,
His very mirth betrays unthinking folly;
While piety itself is languid and unholy!

And yet, for whom retirement has no worth
There are; these, self-communion would detest,
Would fly from sorrow to the harlot mirth,
Deeming themselves in her embraces blest,
And sink with her to ruinable rest,
Nor look their bankrupt honour in the face.
If but of man, fulfil the high behest:
'Tis resolution must avert disgrace,
And probing, sore and deep, thy wretched stain erase.

But much to Fame, as to misfortune, dear
The genial influence of abstracted scene.
Him whom disease hath chained to fate severe,
Forbade in youth to race o'er daisied green,
Can yet in Solitude his days serene,
By studious effort fame's proud turret climb;
And thence survey, with undescending mien,
The rude advances of devouring time,
Seated himself secure on mental throne sublime.

Thus, oft, the sons of genius, sanguine, press
The strings that vibrate on the immortal lyre;
Themselves subjected long to keen distress,
While their high notes a wondering world shall fire,
Even as those notes, in moanings wild expire!
And now, compassion to their end denied,
Oh list the unfeeling usurer enquire,
With staring eye, and cheek-distended pride,
Who, that had useless lived, but unlamented died?

Think not, dull fool! that he has lived in vain,
Who lived to exalt and humanize the age;
Think not, thyself insensate to the strain,
That others shared not in his godlike rage,
Nor dwelt delighted on the breathing page:
His muse, by thee so soon to death devote,
Shall the best hours of future times engage.
Myriads unborn, those beauties yet shall note
Lost to thy sensual orbs bedim'd by thickest mote!

Genii! who in ethereal realms preside,
And thence dispose the destinies of mind;
Before whose awful eyes successive glide
Ages long past, and ages yet designed;
Who some to native dust for ever bind,
And some to everlasting fame upraise:
If but one talent is to me consigned,
If e'er by you were taught my pensive lays,
Let the fair talent given resound the donor's praise.

For many an hour of saddest woe beguiled,
For many a dissipated cloud of ill,
For balmy hopes, fresh gales and prospects mild,
For clustering branches and the healthful rill,
To ye, ô Muses! I would proffer still
The gratulation pure—ye still implore
My heart to cherish, elevate my will:
The soul nigh famished on this desart shore,
Sustain through many a year on your exhaustless store.

Of verdant grove, sweet blooms, and sun bereft,
Enough has Solitude that can detain
The mind well-pleased; enough of charms still left
To meliorate the sting of secret pain,
And him to recreate who hath sought in vain
From other medicines the soul's best joy.
Ah, he will not even winter night refrain,
Who, then retreating from each sad annoy,
Can with illustrious dead the lengthened night employ!

Justly we give to moments so divine
The highest talents that immortals know,
And unregretting, other joys resign;
Nay, other joys insipid deem, and low;
Since from retirement and reflection flow,
Alone, the pleasures lasting and sublime:
The seeds of virtue, cherished thus, outgrow
Their puny sisters reared by wintry time,
And lift their vigorous heads to an unfading clime.

Who that has felt the pressure of the crowd,
Would wish, with tottering steps, in crowds to bide;
When most in peril, impotently proud;
And though on slippery ground, fear not to slide?
Note but his fate—thou wilt avoid his pride,
And wise thy way from moiling tumult force;
As gentle rivulet that breaks aside
From threatening deeps, where reign rude surges hoarse,
And winds through flowery meads its safe and noiseless course.

Thrice happy he, who even in earliest youth,
Has sought the bower to meditation dear,
Who, long accustomed to the voice of truth,
Can yield to truth an unreluctant ear!
To him, how welcome each declining year!
How fair the splendour of his setting ſkies!
No time, no circumstance to him is drear,
Within himself whose noblest transports rise,
Or nature's simplest scene a thousand sweets supplies.

In secret best the humble soul may rise,
As grateful incense, to the Eternal Power!
Winging its way above yon passing ſkies,
To him who loves the world-excluded hour.
Tis now, that streams of heavenly radiance shower
On the misguided thought; now, that the ways
Of chequered providence no longer lower;
Now, that the enlightened eye can firmly gaze
Beyond the precincts drear of this benighted maze.

And, whether Spring descend in vesture bright,
Or Summer wanton in a thousand hues,
Or Autumn cast around a mellowing light,
Or leafless Winter moral truth infuse;
Whether in nature's various path we muse,
Or lonely pause amid the city's roar;
Be it in youth or age; the mind pursues
That which alone shall halcyon smiles restore,
The solitary haunt by foe unharassed more!

IN DOMINO CONFIDO.

WHATE'ER, my GOD! the scenes I prove,
Be thou the blessing still;
Be all I am, and all I love,
Submissive to thy will!

I need thee when the storms of time
O'er every side impend;
Nor less in fortune's flattering clime
Do thou my steps defend.

When even thy mercy I implore
For sins of deepest dye,
'Tis mercy only can restore
This offering to the ſky:

And may that mercy, in him found
Who bled on Calvary's tree,
Exalt me from this earthly mound
To faith, and peace, and thee!

For, oh! prevent a weak distrust
Of that stupendous Plan!
Let not the child of sin and dust
Presume thee thus to scan!

While often chastening, make me wise
And meek to learn thy ways:
Clear thou the mists that mortals rise;
And guide me all my days.

If, erring, I forget to trace
The hand that wields the storm;
Let not thy judgments, but thy grace
My wandering steps reform!

FINIS.

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